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### Friendship, Love and Truth.

By MONTGOMERY.

When Friendship, Love, and Truth abound  
Among a band of brothers,  
The cup of joy goes gaily round—  
Each shares the bliss of others:  
Sweet roses grace the thorny way  
Along this vale of sorrow;  
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day  
Shall bloom again to-morrow;  
How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth!

On hazy wings our moments pass,  
Life's cruel cares beguiling;  
Old Time lays down his stilt and glass,  
In gay good humor smiling;  
With crinoid beard and frocked gray  
His reverend form adorning,  
He looks like Winter turned to May,  
Night softens down to morning!  
How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth!

From those delightful fountains flow  
Ambrosial rills of pleasure,  
Can man desire, can heaven bestow  
A more resplendent treasure?  
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,  
We'll form a constellation,  
Where every star, with modest light,  
Shall gladden his proper station.

How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth!

## THE REVENGED

OR, THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

How truly pitiable it is when talent and genius are arrayed against the simplicity of innocence—when those rare qualities—given to their much favored possessors for noble purposes, are diverted from their proper channels, and made to pander to vice and iniquity.

I was setting one morning in my study, culling from my notes some of the most interesting records of my diary, when my servant came to tell me that a young lady wished to see me.

"She seems, sir, very ill, and in great pain," said he.

"Indeed, where is she?" I asked, rising from the table.

"In the patient's room, sir. She is as pale as death."

I hastened to the room where she was, and there, half lying on the sofa, with her face hidden in her hands, I saw a young and apparently delicately formed female.

She was sobbing piteously, and scarcely heeded my entrance.

I went up to her and said—

"My name is—— You wished to see me."

"Oh, help me—help me!" she cried, vehemently, falling on her knees at my feet.

"Save me, for the love of God—oh, save me from eternal perdition. I—I have taken poison!"

"Poison?"

"Yes—yes. Even now 'tis burning thro' my veins like liquid fire. Oh! save me, doctor—save me! I thought to end all my miseries, and to rush to the oblivion of the grave, but now—oh, God! my guilty soul shrinks in horror from death. Give me life—life!"

"For Heaven's sake," said I, "waste no words in explanation now, but tell me what you have taken."

"Arsenic."

I immediately rang the bell, and when my servant appeared, I said—

"Bring me eggs and soap and water here immediately."

Accustomed to obey promptly, he instantly left the room, where there came such a thundering knock at my street door that I thought it must have broken in.

"Never mind the door, but bring me what I have ordered you."

"Yes, sir," said my man and away he ran; at the instant that another appeal more loud than the former one, was made upon my knocker.

"Save me—save me!" the young lady kept crying, "I dare not die now. Oh! I cannot die."

"Every thing shall be done for you that the skill of man can suggest. Wait one moment."

In a very patient mode I ran to the street door to open it myself, and scold the person who knocked so furiously, and just succeeded in opening it as another knock was about being administered.

"How dare you!" cried I; and then I paused, for the deathlike paleness of the young man who staggered into my passage stopped me from saying more.

"Good God! what's the matter?" cried I.

"She—she is here!" he gasped.

"A young lady? I saw her go in. She has taken poison."

"George!" shrieked the young lady, as she rushed from my parlor, and fell into the arms of the young man.

"Ellen—Ellen—is it true that you still live?" he cried frantically.

"I am dying—dying. Tell—tell my father and mother."

"She would have fallen on the floor if I had not caught her in my arms. I carried her at once into the parlor, and there was my

servant with the remedies I had directed him to procure; but they were of no avail in her present state, and with my utmost exertions it was full ten minutes before I could restore her to consciousness.

"As you value your life, take this and drink it," said I, handing her the antidote which had been prepared.

"I burn—I burn—oh, heavens, I burn. George forgive me—say you forgive me," said she.

"Ellen—dear Ellen—you will kill me," he cried.

"Drink," urged I.

She gave a convulsive shudder and fell back upon the sofa. I saw there was no hope—she was dying. My looks I suppose told the melancholy truth, for the young man she called George, burst into tears, crying—

"Doctor—save her, sir—surely something can yet be done?"

"While poison is in the stomach we can do much, but this case has gone too far," I replied.

With a deep groan she now drew up her limbs as if in great agony, then a damp cold dew came upon her brow; she gasped convulsively for breath and all was over.

There was an awful silence for a moment or two. The young man seemed stupefied by the suddenness of the event. He glanced wildly around him like a maniac; then clutching his hands above his head, he shouted in a tone that made me shrink from him:

"Vengeance—vengeance! I will have his life!"

"My good sir," said I, trying to stop him, "allow me if you please."

"A thousand arms shall not stay me, I'll have his life!"

"But my dear sir, before you go permit me to ask, who you are; and who this young person is?"

"Ellen—Ellen," he shrieked, not at all heeding my question, "I will revenge you. I will crush him to the earth were he ten times what he is. Oh! heavens have you times this? Is this the end of the bright dream that lit my youthful fancy? Save me from madness."

I stood between him and the door, as I said—

"Compose yourself, and tell me who you are. What am I to do with the body of this young lady?"

He rushed to the corpse, and seizing one of the cold lifeless hands, he called upon her frantically to speak to him. He conjured her by every tender epithet to say but one word—to tell him that she lived, and would live for him. He kissed the pale lips, and then with a cry of despair, he rushed past me, and was out of the house before I could interpose to prevent him from going.

My position was any thing but an agreeable one. Here was a poisoned young lady lying upon my sofa, and without the least means of knowing who she was. I rang the bell hastily, and when my servant came I said—

"Thomas, run down the street, and see if you can catch the young man who was here. If you do, detain him any how, till I get my hat and follow you."

Thomas ran out, and in a few moments I ran after him, but the young man was gone and we were compelled to come back as wise as we went.

"Upon my word, this is as awkward a predicament as any man could well be placed in," said I.

There lay the body—a hideous spectacle—upon my sofa, and the hour was close at hand when my usual patients were to visit me for advice.

"Thomas," said I, "you must assist me to carry this body somewhere else."

"The—body? I—I—oh yes," stammered Thomas.

While Thomas said "Oh, yes," he backed towards the door with an evident repugnance to the job.

"Come, come," said I, "you must not have any of these foolish scruples; I cannot carry it by myself. It must be removed some where till I can see the parish authorities, and have it taken from the house, so do you take the body; between us we must carry it into the back parlor."

"I—I—never took hold of the feet of a corpse in all my life—I can't do it," said Thomas.

"But you must, sir. So come now, be quick."

Thomas with great reluctance assisted me to lift the corpse from my sofa, and we got comfortably enough into the passage with it, when a knock at the street door so startled Thomas, that he immediately dropped his end of the burthen, exclaiming—

"Oh Lord, sir, what's that?"

"Why a knock at the door to be sure, what a fool you are."

By dragging the body along, I now got it myself into the back parlor, just as Thomas opened the door, I heard a voice ask for me, and the visitor was shown into the parlor so recently occupied by the ghastly object I had removed.

In a moment my servant brought me a card, on which was written Lord Mandelholme, and informed me that it was given him by the gentlemen in the parlor.

I went at once, expecting his lordship had come to me for professional advice; but when I entered the room, I was struck by the peculiar paleness of his face, and the agitation that seemed to pervade throughout his entire person.

"Doctor," he said, "although unknown to you, I have heard your name very frequently."

"I trust I may be of service to your lordship," said I; "let me beg of you to be seated."

He continued—"my visit is not a professional one. Do you know a family named Sarsfield?"

"Sarsfield. Yes. Some years ago—at least seven, I should think—I knew intimately a family of that name. They went to settle at Bologna permanently, since which, my professional engagements have prevented me from seeing them. I know them very well indeed."

"At that time," he continued, "there were two young children—the one a little

over ten years of age, and the other a year younger."

"There were, and Ellen, the elder, was as beautiful a child as ever."

With this he sank into a chair with a deep groan.

"What is the matter, sir, are you ill?" I asked.

He looked at me with an expression of face I shall never forget, and, in a hollow tone, he said—

"Doctor, you have read Shakespeare, no doubt, often attentively, and I may say in the words of one of his brightest creations, 'Who can minister to a mind diseased?'"

"I am ill, but it is a sickness of the soul. I have come to say, that should a young lady come here, and announce herself as Ellen Sarsfield, that is Ellen Sarsfield."

"Indeed, sir, and under what circumstances do you expect her to come here?"

"She recollects your address as a friend of her father, and might come to you as a mediator. She has been seduced by—by one who—"

"What?" cried I. "Ellen Sarsfield, the beautiful creature who a few short years ago was the darling and the pet of a large circle—she, torn from her fond father's heart by a villain? Why—why, sir, you must still be quite a girl. Good Heavens! you do, indeed, both surprise and afflict me."

"Let me have some water, sir," said he faintly.

I rang the bell, and he was soon accommodated with some, into which I dropped a little ammonia, which recovered him from the faintness which seemed to be coming over him.

He then continued, "Doctor, if you have five minutes' time to spare I will tell you all; but should she come here, you shall know her by her long hair; it is worn low, and wound up in it is a small thread of silver."

I started from my seat at once, for the conviction came across me that poor Ellen Sarsfield's corpse lay even now in my back parlor. He saw my emotion, and likewise rose with a face of alarm.

"Whoever tore her from her home has a fearful account to settle," cried I.

"'Twas I—twas I," cried Mandelholme; "say what you will, my spirit is now broken, and I can bear all. I took her from her happy home—I tore her from the embracing arms of those who loved her."

"Good Heavens! what inducement could you offer to her to lead so horrible a life?"

"Marriage! I offered her marriage; but spare me. She swore this morning she would take poison, but that first she would come to you to leave a message for her parents. Since she left me, my heart has been wrung by pangs. I am a man of sorrow. Should she come here, tell her she shall be mine, and that the mock marriage which deceived her shall be succeeded by a real one, and she shall smile again."

"A mock marriage?" said I; "so it was by that most foul stratagem that poor Ellen was undone. No wonder, sir, your heart is full of bitterness; but you do not know the worst. Heaven extend its mercy to you—"

But were I Ellen's father I should have to pay for patience. Ellen Sarsfield is now—"

A tremendous knock at my door at this moment startled me, and made Lord Mandelholme fall back in his seat, looking like an apparition. In a moment I flew to the window, and saw what I did not know before, namely, that a carriage of Lord Mandelholme's was at my door.

As I was looking from the window, Thomas opened the door, and in an instant the young man who had run off so suddenly, and whom the dying girl had called George, came into my room.

"Where is he?" he cried; "where is the seducer—subverter of justice—the foe of the innocent, the virtuous and the beautiful. Ha, the villain!"

He strode towards Lord Mandelholme, who rose with a cry of terror, while I threw myself in between them, crying—

"Hold—hold, gentlemen! I cannot have my house converted into an arena for your quarrels. Peace, sir, peace!"

"Nay, sir," cried the last arrival, "come not between me and this man. You know him not. By acts as base as villainy ever imagined, he tore from the arms of those who loved her so fair a piece of nature's workmanship as ever blessed the world. You have seen her, sir—you know her. Let me see her at the villain. I will tear his black heart from his breast!"

"Keep him off—keep him off!" said Lord Mandelholme; "I would not have his blood upon my hands, but I will defend my own life."

"You may well do so," cried his opponent; "for no man should be more afraid to die."

"Gentlemen," said I, "I will not have violence here. Go both of you into the street if you must fight, but it is most unseemly here."

Lord Mandelholme drew a pistol from his pocket, as he said—

"I will defend my life—I will defend my life."

"Fiend," cried he, whom the unhappy girl had called George, "fiend—monster in human form! you have made many hearts desolate, and I will not now be balked in my revenge. Nay, it is justice—a more sacred name. I too am armed. Here are weapons."

He struggled so much with me, that I saw there was no chance of holding him much longer; therefore, as a last resource to stop bloodshed, I suddenly let him go, and in a moment throwing open the folding doors, which divided my two parlors, I cried—

"Behold! let that sight disarm you both in this house. Profane not death by a contest in its awful presence."

On the table lay the corpse, as I had placed it, and, for a moment, they both stood as if paralyzed. Then Lord Mandelholme, with a loud cry, strove to leave the parlor by the door leading from the passage, but his opponent darted after him, and ere he could accomplish his purpose, dragged him back again. Before I could interfere, Mandelholme fired his pistol; in an instant there was another report—a loud terrific shriek, and the noble seducer lay weltering in his blood.

"Good Heavens! young man," I cried, "what have you done?"

"Taken wild justice," he cried—"revenged the betrayal of gentle innocence and virtue

will betray no more; let him die. Touch him not—I am the avenger; let him die—let him die!"

I hurried to the side of the wounded man, and, raising his head, I saw that the shot had entered near his ear, and most probably lodged about the back of the neck. His eye, though, told me he was dying; there was no hope.

"Is he dead?" asked the other.

"No," said I; "but he soon will be; he is dying."

The young man then dropped the pistol which he held in his hand, and walking into the next room, he, with a deep sob, approached the corpse of the unhappy girl. He kissed convulsively the pale face.

"Helen, Helen," he exclaimed, "you are avenged! Rest, rest, pure spirit. He who turned your gaze from the light of Heaven is no more!"

He was so bewildered that I could take no steps to prevent him from leaving the house, although, as I was told afterwards, it was unquestionably my duty to detain him. He however, made good his escape, my servants who had been startled at the shot, and were collected round the parlor door, fancying that he had gone for assistance. When I heard the street door shut, I somewhat recovered from my mental stupor.

"Call the police!" I replied; "stop that young man!"

Before any one could stir, Mandelholme uttered a faint groan, and then in weak, painful accents, said:

"No, no, let him go; I am dying."

"Tell me, sir, for God's sake, where your friends may be communicated with," said I.

He shook his head, and then, after a short pause, said:

"Listen. I think Heaven will give me strength for one purpose, if for no other—to confess my wickedness, and pray even now for pardon—for mercy."

He paused, and a quantity of blood in his mouth evidently stopped his utterance. I beckoned to the servants to assist me, and we raised his head, placing under it a sofa cushion, when, after a few moments, he again spoke.

"That still form, which even in death is so very beautiful, was my victim. Look on her, now that she is robbed of the intelligence of vitality, and you may guess what she was by what she now is. When I first saw her she was young, virtuous, lovely, and I loved to make her miserable. I sought her destruction, but her virtue rose ever before me like a battlement, which there was no surmounting, and—"

As I could not woe her to sin, I turned her best feelings into weapons against her, and told her I would marry her secretly, and then, as her father's circumstances were indifferent, that she should have the pleasure of relieving him, by the agreeable surprise of telling him she was the wife of a nobleman, and possessed of unbounded means. She refused for a long time, but I had won enough of her affections to blind her judgment, and she at length consented."

He paused again, and was evidently suffering the most acute pain. It was several minutes before he proceeded, and then his voice was much weaker, as he said:

"She consented. A note was left with her father, and she eloped with me. We were married in London."

"Married!" said I.

"Yes, yes, a mock marriage. My valet was the mock priest; she believed herself my wife, and she claimed my promise of returning the following day to her parents. By one excuse and another I put her off, and then I wrote a note to her parents as if from her, bidding them adieu forever. The reply came. It did not suit me, for it was full of love and exhortations. I wrote an answer myself, imitating the handwriting as well as I could, and that plunged her in despair, for he harshly discarded her forever. Well, she insisted upon going to throw herself at her father's feet. I entreated—I commanded, and finally I told her all. She rushed from my house, and—"

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